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Shakspeare. Macbeth. 1848

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EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

No. L.

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A Tragedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK:

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

MACBETH appears to have been one of the latest, as it is one of the greatest of Shakspeare's dramatic achievements. It is believed to have been written and first performed some time between the years 1603 and 1610. The traditions on which the plot is founded, are related by Hollingshed in his "Chronicles," first published in London, 1577; and also by George Buchanan, in his Latin "History of Scotland." Not only the historical outline, but the principal incidents of the drama, may be found in the works of these writers. The prophecy of Macbeth's destiny and that of Banquo's issue, the interview between Macduff and Malcolm, and the influence of Macbeth's wife, whom Hollingshed describes as "burning with unquenchable desire to beare the name of a queene," have all a legendary or semi-historical foundation in truth. It is worthy of note that Buchanan, who wrote as early as 1582, gave as a reason for omitting some of the supernatural parts of the tradition in relation to Macbeth, that they are more apt for the stage than for the historian—"theatris aptiora quam historiæ."

There is reason to believe that Macbeth was often represented with success at the Globe during the life-time of the author; and that Burbage, who was the most distinguished tragedian of the day, was in the habit of personating the hero. The tragedy had been banished from the stage, however, for some time, when in 1672, Sir William Davenant produced a version of it at the Duke's theatre, "with alterations, amendments, additions and new songs." The admirable music for these and the other songs was composed by Matthew Locke, and, amid all the mutations of musical taste, it has retained its popularity, being still always introduced in the representation of the tragedy at every liberally conducted theatre. But the other innovations of Davenant have been deservedly repudiated; although till Garrick's

time they had been so much in vogue, that "The Tattler" quotes Shakspeare's "Macbeth" from Davenant's alteration of it.

To Garrick belongs the merit of restoring to the stage the original Macbeth; and the present acting version is that which he prepared, and which was afterwards improved by Philip Kemble. The language, except in one or two of the choruses, is almost exclusively that of Shakspeare. Garrick, who excelled in the expression of conclusive throes and dying agonies, composed, as we learn from his biographer, a pretty long dying speech for Macbeth; but this is no longer retained. There are more of the elements of the sublime, as it seems to us, in this character, than in any other known to the drama; and this, perhaps, is the reason why it is so rarely embodied to the satisfaction of a judicious audience. The "Tattler" has celebrated Betterton for his excellence in the part. Quin's figure and countenance were much in his favor; but he was too monotonous and unimpassioned. Garrick, notwithstanding his diminutive stature, was probably the best of all the representatives of the character. From the first scene, in which he was accosted by the witches, to the last desperate encounter with Macduff, he is said to have been animated, consistent, and impressive. One of his cotemporaries speaks of his "*terrible graces of action*" in the banquet scene where he sees the ghost of Banquo—a scene, by the way, in which most modern performers fail utterly.

"Many stage critics," says Davies, "suppose the dagger scene to be one of the most difficult situations in acting. The sudden start on seeing the dagger in the air—the endeavor of the actor to seize it—the disappointment, the suggestion of its being only a vision of the disturbed fancy—the seeing it still in form most palpable, with the reasoning upon it,—these are the difficulties which the mind of Garrick was capable of encountering and subduing. So happy did he think himself in the exhibition of this scene, that, when he was in Italy, and requested by the Duke of Parma to give a proof of his skill in action, to the admiration of that prince, he at once threw himself into the attitude of *Macbeth* seeing the air-drawn dagger. The duke desired no farther assurance of Garrick's great excellence in his profession—being perfectly convinced by this specimen, that he was an absolute master of it.

"The merits of the scene preparatory and subsequent to the murder of Duncan, transcend all panegyric. What moral dehortations and dissuasions could produce such an effect, hostile to the crime, upon the human mind, as witnessing the anguish and remorse of Macbeth? The representation of this terrible part of the play by Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard, can no more be described than I believe it can be equalled. His distraction and agonizing horror were finely contrasted by her seeming apathy, tranquillity, and confidence. The beginning of the scene after the murder, was conducted in terrifying whispers. Their looks and their action supplied the place of words. The wonderful expression of heartfelt horror, with which Garrick displayed his bloody hands, can only be conceived by those who saw him."

The character of *Lady Macbeth* seems to have found its most celebrated representative in Mrs. Siddons. "The moment she seized the part," says Campbell, "she identified her image with it in the minds of the living generation." It had long been her favorite study; and she has left some remarks upon it from her own pen, which are creditable to her good sense and powers of discrimination. Mrs. Jameson says: "In her impersonation of the part of *Lady Macbeth*, Mrs. Siddons adopted three different intonations in giving the words 'We fail.' (Scene VII. Act I.) At first, a quick contemptuous interrogation—We fail? Afterwards with the note of admiration—We fail! and an accent of indignant astonishment, laying the principal emphasis on the word *we*—We fail! Lastly, she fixed on what I am convinced is the true reading—We fail. With the simple period, modulating her voice to a deep, low, resolute tone, which settled the issue at once; as though she had said, 'If we fail, why then we fail, and all is over.' This is consistent with the dark fatalism of the character, and the sense of the lines following; and the effect was sublime almost awful."

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Drury Lane, 1823.</i>	<i>Covent Garden, 1823.</i>	<i>Park, 1847.</i>
<i>Duncan (King of Scotland)</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Chapman.	Mr. Anderson.
<i>Malcolm</i>	" Thompson.	" Mason.	" Stark.
<i>Donalbain</i>	"	" Parsloe.	"
<i>Macbeth</i>	" Young.	" Macready.	" Forrest.
<i>Banquo</i>	" Pope.	" Egerton.	" Barry.
<i>Macduff</i>	" Cooper.	" Abbott.	" Dyott.
<i>Lenox</i>	"	" Jefferies.	" S. Pearson.
<i>Rosse</i>	" Penley.	" Comer.	" Sutherland.
<i>Fleance</i>	Miss Carr.	Mast. Longhurst.	Miss Denny.
<i>Siward</i>	"	Mr. Crumpton.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Seyton</i>	"	" Claremont.	" Gallot.
<i>Lady Macbeth</i>	Mrs. W. West.	Mrs. Ogilvie.	Mrs. Hunt.
<i>Gentlewoman</i>	Miss Phillips.	" Boyle.	" Dyott.
<i>Hecate</i>	Mr. G. Smith.	Mr. Taylor.	Mr. A. Andrews.
<i>1st Witch</i>	" J. Barnes.	" Meadows.	" Bass.
<i>2d Witch</i>	" Knight.	" Blanchard.	" G. Andrews.
<i>3d Witch</i>	" Harley.	" Evans.	" Povey.

Apparitions, Chorus of Witches, Murderers, Soldiers, &c.

COSTUMES.

MACBETH.—First dress: Scarlet plaid vest, kelt, and tartan, cap, feathers, and breast-plate. Second dress: Purple robe, lined with yellow satin, scarlet satin vest, edged with white ermine, and coronet for the head. Third dress: Kelt, tartan, cap, and armour.

MALCOLM.—Scarlet and green plaid vest, kelt, tartan, breast-plate, cap and feathers.

KING.—Crimson velvet robe and vest richly embroidered.

BANQUO.—Green plaid vest, kelt and tartan, breast-plate and cap.

MACDUFF.—Ibid.

LENOX.—Red and blue—Ibid.

ROSSE.—Blue and crimson—Ibid.

SIWARD.—Scarlet velvet doublet, trunks and cloak, breast-plate, hat and feathers.

SEYTON.—Green plaid vest, kelt, and tartan, cap and feathers.

PHYSICIAN.—Black velvet doublet, trunks, cloak, &c.

SERJEANT.—Green and red plaid vest, kelt, and tartan, cap, &c.

MURDERERS.—Green worsted plaid dresses.

LADY MACBETH.—First dress: Black velvet, trimmed with point lace, and plaid sarsnet scarf. Second dress: White satin, trimmed with silver, and scarlet cloth robe, trimmed with ermine and silver; coronet for the head. Third dress: White muslin morning wrapper, trimmed with lace, and a veil—Ibid.

GENTLEWOMAN.—Green satin dress trimmed with silver, and spangled veil.

HECATE.—Blue vest, with stars, shaded by blue gauze, robe of do., and cap ornamented with snakes.

WITCHES.—Similar, in some respects, but exceedingly grotesque.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

M A C B E T H .

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Open Country.—Thunder and Lightning.*

Three WITCHES discovered.

1st Witch. WHEN shall we three meet again—
In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?

2d Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's* lost and won.

3d Witch. That will be ere set of sun.

1st Witch. Where the place ?

2d Witch. Upon the heath.

3d Witch. There to meet with—

1st Witch. Whom ?

2d Witch. Macbeth. [Noise of a Cat.

1st Witch. I come, Gray-malkin. [Noise of a Toad.

2d Witch. Paddock calls.

1st Witch. Anon.

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair ;
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Thunder and Lightning.—*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*The Palace at Fores.—Flourish of Trumpets
and Drums, L.*

Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX,
ROSSE, and ATTENDANTS, L., *meeting a bleeding OFFI-
CER, R.*

King. (c.) What bloody man is that ? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

* The war in which Macbeth was engaged.

Mal. This is the serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend !
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Off. Doubtfully it stood ;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
From the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supplied ;
And Fortune, on his damnéd quarrel smiling,
Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak :
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carved out his passage, till he faced the slave ;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

Off. Mark, King of Scotland, mark :
No sooner justice had, with valour armed,
Compelled these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbished arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismayed not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo ?

Off. Yes ;
As sparrows, eagles ; or the hare, the lion.—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds ;
They smack of honour both :—Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exeunt Officer and two Attendants, L.*

Who comes here ?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Fife.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes !

Rosse. So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.

Enter MACDUFF, R.

Macd. God save the King !

King. Whence camest thou, worthy Thane?

Macd. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The Thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict,
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,*
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.—

King. Great happiness!

Macd. That now
Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition:
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at St. Colmes' Inch,
Ten thousand dollars for our general use.

King. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest;—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former titles greet Macbeth.

Macd. I'll see it done. [*Exeunt Macduff and Lennox, R.*]

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*A Heath.—Bridge in the background, over the Mountains.—Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter the Three WITCHES, meeting.

1st Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2d Witch. Killing swine.

3d Witch. Sister, where thou?

1st Witch. A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounched, and mounched, and mounched:—"Give
me," quoth I.

"Aroint thee,† witch!" the rump-fed ronyon‡ cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, I'll do.

2d Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

* Inclosed in armour of proof.

† Begone.

‡ Fat, bulky woman.

1st Witch. Thou art kind.

3d Witch. And I another.

1st Witch. I myself have all the other ;
And the very ports they blow, -
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.*
I will drain him dry as hay :
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
He shall live a man forbid :
Weary seven nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—
Look what I have.

2d Witch. Show me, show me.

1st Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come.

[A March at a distance, over the Bridge.]

3d Witch. A drum, a drum ;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about. [Join hands, and turn.]

2d Witch. Thrice to thine,—

3d Witch. And thrice to mine,—

1st Witch. And thrice again,—

All. To make up nine.

1st Witch. Peace :—the charm's wound up.

[They retire, R.]

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, and part of the Army, L. U. E.
The remainder halt on the Bridge.

Macb. Command they make a halt upon ~~the~~ heath,

[Within.] Halt,—halt,—halt.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't called to Fores ?—[Observing the
Witches.] What are these,

So withered, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't ?—Live you ? or are you aught

* Sea-chart.

That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if ye can:—What are you?

1st Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

2d Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

3d Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

[*Macbeth starts, confused.*]

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—[*To Witches.*] I'the name
of truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that, indeed,
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems wrapt withal: to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak, then, to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours nor your hate.

1st Witch. Hail!

2d Witch. Hail!

3d Witch. Hail!

1st Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, though greater.

2d Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3d Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

All. So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

[*Going.*]

Macb. [*Crossing toward Witches.*] Stay, you imperfect
speakers,—tell me more;

By Sinel's death, I know I am Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?

[*Thunder and Lightning—Witches vanish, R.*
Speak, I charge you.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them :—Whither are they vanished ?

Macb. Into the air ; and what seemed corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid !

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about ?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner ?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor, too ; went it not so ?

Ban. To the self-same tune and words.—[*Flourish, R.*]
Who's here ?

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX, R.

Macd. The King hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success : and, when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his : Silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post : and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And poured them down before him.

Len. We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks ;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Macd. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor :
In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane !
For it is thine.

Ban. [*Aside.*] What ! can the devil speak true ?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives ; why do you dress
me

In borrowed robes ?

Macd. Who was the Thane, lives yet ;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,

Which he deserves to lose ;
For treasons capital, confessed, and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor !
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
[*To Ban.*] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promised no less to them ?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But, 'tis strange :
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequences.—Cousin, a word, I pray you.
[*They retire up the Stage.*]

Macb. [*In front.*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill ; cannot be good.—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth ?—I'm Thane of Cawdor !
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature ? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings :
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise ; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. [*To Macduff and Lenox.*] Look, how our partner's
rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may
crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments : cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what, come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the King.—

[*Aside to Banquo.*]

Think upon what hath chanced; and, at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*March.—Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Palace at Fores.—Flourish of Trumpets
and Drums.*

*Enter KING DUNCAN, DONALBAIN, MALCOLM, ROSSE, and
two CHAMBERLAINS, L.*

King. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?

Mal. My liege,

They are not yet come back;

But I have spoke

With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confessed his treasons;
Implored your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it. He died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art

To find the mind's construction in the face:

He was a gentleman on whom I built

An absolute trust.—

Enter MACDUFF, MACBETH, BANQUO, and LENOX, L.

Oh, worthiest cousin,

The sin of my ingratitude even now

Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,

Thatswiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion, both of thanks and payment,
Might have been mine ! only I've left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants ;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so : let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There, if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you, whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm ; whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland : which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you ;
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So humbly take my leave.

[*Aside, and crossing, &c.*] The Prince of Cumberland !—

That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires !
Let not light see my black and deep desires :
The eye winks at the hand ! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit, &c.*]

King. True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so valiant,

And in his commendations I am fed ;
 It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome ;
 It is a peerless kinsman.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE V.—*Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, R., *reading a Letter.*

Lady M.—"They met me in the day of success ; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them farther, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all-hailed me, Thane of Cawdor ; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, King that shalt be ! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
 What thou art promised !—Yet do I fear thy nature :
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great ;
 Art not without ambition : but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
 That would'st thou holily ; would'st not play false,
 And yet would'st wrongly win : thou'dst have, great Glamis,

That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it ;"
 And that, which rather thou dost fear to do,
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crowned withal."

Enter SETTON, L.

What is your tidings ?

Set. The King comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it!
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have informed for preparation.

Sey. So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending—
He brings great news. [*Exit Seyton, L.*]

The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose; nor keep pace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold, hold!"—

Enter MACBETH, L.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow—as he purposes.

Lady M. Oh, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters.—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower;
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our days and nights to come,
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Gates of Inverness Castle.—Flourish of
Trumpets and Drums.*

*Enter KING DUNCAN, BANQUO, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE, and ATTENDANTS, R.*

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet,* does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the Heaven's breath
Smells woingly here; no jutty frieze,
Buttress, or coign† of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt,—I have observed
The air is delicate.

*Enter LADY MACBETH, SEYTON, and two LADIES, from the
Castle Gates.*

King. See, see! our honoured hostess!
The love that follows us sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid Heaven yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours, deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

* A kind of swallow

† Coigne, (Fr.) a corner.

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor ?
 We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
 To be his purveyor ; but he rides well ;
 And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath hold him
 To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
 We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
 Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,*
 To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
 Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand ;
 Conduct me to mine host ; we love him highly,
 And shall continue our graces towards him.
 By your leave, hostess.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt through
 the Castle Gates.*]

SCENE VII.—*Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.*

Enter MACBETH, R.

Macb. If it 'were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere
 well,
 It were done quickly. If the assassination
 Could trammelt† up the consequence, and catch
 With his surcease,‡ success !—That but this blow
 Might be the be-all, and the end-all, here—
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here, that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor : This even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips.—He's here in double trust :
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,—
 Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself.—Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off :

* Account.

† Intercept.

‡ Extinction.

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other side—How now! what news?

Enter LADY MACBETH, R.

Lady M. He has almost supped: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honoured me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which should be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since,
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love.—Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,—
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' th' adage? [Crossing, L.]

Macb. 'Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man—
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it, then,
That made you break the enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more than man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this!

Macb. If we should fail—

Lady M. We fail!—

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck* only : when in swinish sleep
Their drenchéd natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon
His spungy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell †

Macb. Bring forth men-children only !
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't ?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death ?

Macb. I am settled ; and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.—
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.—The Gallery*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a Torch, R.

Ban. How goes the night, boy ?

Fle. The moon is down ; I have not heard the clock

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

* From Alembick, a still.

† Murder.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. There's husbandry in Heaven—

Their candles are all out.—

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the curséd thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter SEYTON, with a Torch, and MACBETH, L.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largesse* to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.—

I dreamed last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have shewed some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[*Exeunt Fleance and Banquo, up stairs, L.*

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell.—Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Seyton, L.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,

* Largesse, (French) gift, present.

The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch thee !
I have thee not : and yet I see thee still !
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest.—I see thee still !
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing !
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world,
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep ; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings ; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
Towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time
Which now suits with it. [*Clock strikes Two.*
I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan ! for it is a knell
That summons thee to Heaven, or to hell !
[*Exit, L.—Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, L.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made
me bold ;
What hath quenched them, hath given me fire :—Hark !
—Peace !
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night—[*Crossing, R.*]—He
is about it ;
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores : I have drugged their
possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done!—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,—
He could not miss them!—Had he not resembled
My father, as he slept, I had done't!—My husband!

Enter MACBETH, R.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Did'st thou not hear a
noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark! Who lies i'the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Showing his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried
"Murder!"

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried, "God bless us:" and "Amen," the
other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways: so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,

*The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.*

Lady M. What do you mean ?

Mac. Still it cried, *sleep no more !* to all the house :
*Glamis hath murdered sleep ; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more !*

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why, worthy
Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things ; go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there : Go, carry them ; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more :

I am afraid to think what I have done ;—
Look on't again, I dare not !

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !

Give me the daggers. The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil.—If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit, R.—Knocking within, M. D.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking ?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?

What hands are here ? Ha ! they pluck out mine eyes !

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnardine,

Making the green—one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white.—[*Knocking.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry—retire we to our chamber :

A little water clears us of this deed :

How easy is it, then ? Your constancy

Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*]—Hark ! more
knocking :

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,

And shew us to be watchers.—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed—'twere best not know myself.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, would thou
could'st! | *Exeunt—Knocking again.—Lady Mac-*
beth pulls Macbeth away, l.

Enter MACDUFF, LENOX, and SEYTON, M. D.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Sey. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?
Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH and SEYTON, L.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good morrow, both!

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipped the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physics pain.
This is the door. [*Throwing open the door leading to the*
King's bedchamber, R.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.

[*Exit, R.*

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Macb. He does—he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confused events,
New-hatched to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamoured the livelong night; some say, the earth
Was feverish, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF, R.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. & Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox, R.]

Awake! awake!—

Ring the alarm bell!—Murder! and treason!

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself!—up, up, and see

The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,

To countenance this horror!— *[Bell rings out.]*

Enter BANQUO and ROSSE down the stairs, L. U. E.

Oh, Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murdered!

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX, R.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys; renown and grace are dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN, down the stairs, R. U. E.

Mal. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it?
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

Macd. Your royal father's murdered!

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows; they stared, and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

[*Exeunt Malcolm and Donalbain, R.*]

Macb. Oh, yet do I repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. [*Starting.*] Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
Loyal, and neutral in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser, reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there the murderers,
Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breached with gore: Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

Ban. Fears and scruples shake us;
In the great hand of Heaven I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macd. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'the hall together;
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A Wood on the Skirt of a Heath.—Thunder
and Lightning.*

Enter the Three WITCHES, and a Chorus of WITCHES, L

1st Witch. Speak, sister, speak—is the deed done?

2d Witch. Long ago, Long ago:
Above twelve glasses since have run.

3d Witch. Ill deeds are seldom slow,
Nor single; following crimes on former wait;
The worst of creatures fastest propagate.

Chor. Many more murders must this one ensue ;
Dread horrors still abound,
And every place surround,
As if in death were found
Propagation too.

1st Witch. He must—

2d Witch. He shall—

3d Witch. He will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

1st Witch. Now let's dance.

2d Witch. Agreed.

3d Witch. Agreed.

Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

1st Witch. When cattle die, about we go ;
When lightning and dread thunder
Rend stubborn rocks in sunder,
And fill the world with wonder,
What should we do ?

Chor. Rejoice, we should rejoice.

2d Witch. When winds and waves are warring,
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,
And monarchs die despairing,
What should we do ?

Chor. Rejoice, we should rejoice.

3d Witch. Let's have a dance upon the heath,
We gain more life by Duncan's death.

1st Witch. Sometimes like brinded cats we show,
Having no music but our mew,
To which we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel,
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,—

Chor. Where still the mill clack does keep time.

2d Witch. Sometimes about a hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we ;
Thither the chirping cricket comes,
And beetles singing drowsy hums ;
Sometimes we dance o'er ferns or furze,
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs ;
And when with none of these we meet—

Chor. We dance to the echoes of our feet.

3d Witch. At the night raven's dismal voice,
When others tremble, we rejoice.

Chor. And nimbly, nimbly, dance we still,
To th' echoes from a hollow hill. [*Exeunt different ways.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.*

Enter MACDUFF, meeting LENOX.

Len. How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Len. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Len. Alas the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborned:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled: which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Len. 'Gainst nature still;
Thriftless ambition, that will raven up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already named; and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Len. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of his bones.

Len. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Len. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there!—
adieu,

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

[*Exeunt, Macduff, R., Lenox, L.*]

SCENE II.—*The Palace at Forres.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, R.

Ban. Thou hast it now. King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,

As the weird women promised; and, I fear,
Thou playedst most foully for't; yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings; if there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? [*Flourish of Trumpets & Drums*]
But hush; no more.

*Enter MACBETH, as King; SEYTON, LENOX, ROSSE, and
ATTENDANTS, M. D.*

Mach. [*To Banquo.*] Here's our chief guest:
If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.
To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
Forever knit.

Mach. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Mach. We should have else desired your good advice,
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or twain.

Mach. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Mach. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; ~~our~~ time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.— [*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance, L.*]

Let every man be master of his time

Till seven at night: to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

Till supper-time alone: while then, Heaven be with you!

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Seyton, M. D.*]

Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our pleasure?

Sey. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.— [*Exit Seyton, L.*]

To be thus, is nothing:—

But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep:—

He chid the sisters,

When first they put the name of King upon me,

And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,

They hailed him father to a line of kings:

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,

For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;

For them, the gracious Duncan have I murdered;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace

Only for them; and mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man

To make them kings—The seed of Banquo kings!—

Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,

And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?

Enter SEYTON, with two OFFICERS, L.—Exit Seyton, L.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1st Off. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now,

Have you considered of my speeches?

Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature,

That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled,

To pray for this good man, and for his issue,

Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave,

And beggared yours forever!

2d Off. I am one, my liege.

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

1st Off. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

1st Off. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With bare-faced power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2d Off. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us—

1st Off. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time—
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness: And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour: Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

1st Off. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.

[*Exeunt Officers, L.*]

It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit, L.]

Enter LADY MACBETH, as Queen, and SEYTON, R.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Sey. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure
For a few words,

Sey. Madam, I will.

[*Exit, L.*]

Lady M. Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH, L.

How now, my lord? why do **you** keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,—
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotched the snake, not killed it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let

The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie,
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

[*Retires, R.*]

Lady M. Come on; gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Macb. Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet: they are assailable.
Then be thou jocund; ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-bone beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling* night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale !—Light thickens ; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood :
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
While night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still ;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*A Park, near the Palace, at Fores.*

Enter the Two OFFICERS, L.

1st Off. The west yet glimmers with some streaks of
day :

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

2d Off. Hark ! I hear horses.

Banquo. [*Within.*] Give us a light, there, ho !

1st Off. Then it is he ; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.

2d Off. His horses go about.

1st Off. Almost a mile ; but he does usually.
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate,
Make it their walk.

2d Off. A light, a light !

1st Off. 'Tis he.

Enter FLEANCE, with a Torch, and BANQUO, R.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

[*Exeunt Fleance and Banquo, L.*]

1st Off. Let it come down. [*Exeunt, L.*]

Ban. [*Within.*] Oh, treachery ! Fly, good Fleance,
fly, fly, fly !—

Fle. [*Within, L.*] Murder ! murder ! murder !

* Seeler, (French) to seal, to close the eyes.

Ban. [*Within, L.*] Thou may'st revenge.—Oh, slave!
Oh, Oh, Oh! [*Dies.*]

Re-enter OFFICERS.

1st Off. Who did strike out the light?

2d Off. Was't not the way?

1st Off. There's but one down; the son is fled.

2d Off. We have lost the best half of our affair.

1st Off. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Banqueting Room in the Palace, at Fores.*
Music.—A Banquet prepared.

MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, SEYTON, ATTENDANTS, GUARDS, &c., *discovered.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first,
And last, the hearty welcome.

Rosse. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host:

Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time,

We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks:—

Both sides are even; here I'll sit i' the midst.

Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure

The table round.—

Enter FIRST OFFICER, L. Macbeth leaves the throne to meet him.

There's blood upon thy face.

1st Off. 'Tis Banquo's, then.

Macb. Is he dispatched?

1st Off. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats:—Yet he's
good,

That did the like for Fleance.

1st Off. Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. Then comes my fit again; I had else been perfect:

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air;
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

1st Off. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:—

There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves again. *[Exit Officer, L.]*

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold,
That is not often vouched; while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.

Len. May it please your highness, sit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roofed,
[Crossing, R.]
Were the graced person of our Banquo present,
Whom I may rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!—

[The blood-stained ghost of BANQUO enters, L., and occupies the vacant chair.]

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your
highness?

Macb. *[Seeing Banquo.]* Which of you have done this?

Len. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it ; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise : his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends :—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth ; 'pray you, keep seat ;
The fit is momentary ; upon a thought,
He will again be well : If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion.
Feed, and regard him not.—[*Leaves the Throne, and goes
to Macbeth.*] Are you a man ?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. Oh, proper stuff !
This is the very painting of your fear ;
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear), would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authorised by her grandam. Shame itself !
Why do you make such faces ? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there ! [*Pointing to Ban.*] behold !
look ! lo !—How say you ?—

Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak, too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Exit Ghost, L.*]

Lady M. What ! quite unmanned in folly !

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame ! [*Returns to the Throne.*]

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal ;
Ay, and since, too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear ; the times have been,
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end ; but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools ! This is more strange
Than such a murder is. [*Crosses, L.*]

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget :—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all ;
Then I'll sit down :—[*Goes to Throne.*—Give me some
wine, fill full.—

[*Seyton pours out wine and presents it to Macbeth.*

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

BANQUO'S Ghost re-appears, R.

Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! Let the earth hide thee !
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with !

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword !
If, trembling, I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl.—Hence, horrible shadow !
Unreal mockery, hence !—[*Exit Ghost, R., Macbeth fol-
lowing to the door.*] Why so ; being gone,
I am a man again.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good
meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder ? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanched with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord ?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not ; he grows worse and
worse ;

Question enrages him ; at once, good night :—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty !

Lady M. A kind good night to all !

[*Exeunt all but King and Queen.*]

Macb. It will have blood : they say, blood will have
blood :

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak ;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night ?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding ?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir ?

Macb. I hear it by the way ; but I will send :
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd.—I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters :
More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst : For mine own good,
All causes shall give way ; I am in blood
Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep : My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE V.—*The Open Country.—Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter the three WITCHES, L., meeting HECATE, R.

1st Witch. Why, how now, Hecate ? you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldames, as you are,
Saucy and overbold ? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death ;
While I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,

Or show the glory of our art ?
 But make amends now : Get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron
 Meet me i'the morning ; thither he
 Will come to know his destiny.—
 Your vessels and your spells provide,
 Your charms, and everything beside :
 I am for the air ; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal, fatal end. [*Exeunt Witches, L.*]

SPIRITS descend in Hecate's chair.

1st Spir. Hecate, Hecate, Hecate ! Oh, come away !
Hec. Hark ! I am called ; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.

2d Spir. Hecate, Hecate, Hecate ! Oh, come away !

Hec. I come, I come, with all the speed I may.—
 Where's Stadlin ?

3d Spir. Here ;—

Hec. Where's Puckle ?

4th Spir. Here ;—

5th Spir. And Hoppo, too, and Hellwaine, too ;

6th Spir. We want but you, we want but you.

Enter the Chorus of WITCHES, R. and L.

Chor. Come away, make up the count.

Hec. With new fall'n dew,
 From church-yard yew,
 I will but 'noint, and then I mount.

1st Spir. Why thou stay'st so long, I muse.

Hec. Tell me, Spirit, tell what news ?

2d Spir. All goes fair for our delight.

Hec. Now I'm furnished for the flight.

[Places herself in her Chair.]

Now I go, and now I fly,
 Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.
 Oh, what a dainty pleasure's this,
 To sail in the air,
 While the moon shines fair,
 To sing, to toy, to dance and kiss !
 Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
 Over seas, our mistress' fountains,
 Over steeples, towers, and turrets,
 We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

Chor. We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.
*[Hecate and the Spirits ascend into the air—the Witches
 exeunt various ways.]*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Cave.—In the Middle, a Cauldron boiling.—
 Thunder.*

The three WITCHES discovered.

1st Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

2d Witch. Thrice : and once the hedge-pig whined.

2d Witch. Harper cries, 'Tis time, 'tis time.

1st Witch. Round about the cauldron go ;

In the poisoned entrails throw.—

Toad, that under the cold stone,
 Days and nights has thirty-one ;
 Sweltered venom, sleeping got,
 Boil thou first i'the charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble ;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2d Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake ;

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
 For a charm of powerful trouble,
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble ;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3d Witch. Scale of dragon, too'h of wolf ;

Witches' mummy ; maw and gulf
 Of the ravined salt-sea shark ;
 Root of hemlock, digged i'the dark ;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew ;
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
 Silvered in the moon's eclipse ;

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab :
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1st Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, R.—SPIRITS, and *Chorus of* WITCHES, *l.*

Hec. Oh, well done ! I commend your pains ;
And every one shall share i'the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

MUSIC AND SONG.

Hecate. Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

1st Spir. Tiffin, Tiffin,
Keep it stiff in.

2d Spir. Firedrake, Puckey,
Make it lucky.

3d Spir. Liard, Robin,
You must bob in.

Chor. Around, around, around, about, about ;
All ill come running in, all good keep out !

4th Spir. Here's the blood of a bat.

Hec. Put in that, put in that.

5th Spir. Here's Libbara's brain.

Hec. Put in a grain.

6th Spir. Here's juice of toad, and oil of adder ;
These will make the charm grow madder.

Hec. Put in all these ; 'twill raise a pois'nous stench !
Hold—here's three ounces of a red-haired wench.

Chor. Around, around, around, about, about ;
All ill come running in, all good keep out !

Hec. By the pricking of my thumbs,

Something wicked this way comes :— [Noise without.
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

[*Exeunt all but the three Witches.*

Enter MACBETH, descending steps, L. U. E.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags !
What is't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me
To what I ask you.

1st Witch. Speak.

2d Witch. Demand.

3d Witch. We'll answer.

1st Witch. Say, if thou'd'st rather hear it from our
mouths,

Or from our master's ?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1st Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow :—Grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low ;
Thyself, and office, deftly show. [Thunder.

FIRST APPARITION, *an Armed Head, rises.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1st Witch. He knows thy thought ;
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware Macduff !
Beware the Thane of Fife.—Dismiss me—enough.

[*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks ;
Thou hast harped my fear aright : But one word more—

1st Witch. He will not be commanded : Here's another
More potent than the first. [Thunder.

SECOND APPARITION, *a Bloody Child, rises.*

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute : laugh to scorn
The power of man ; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

Macb. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee ?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. [Thunder.

THIRD APPARITION, a Child crowned, with a bough in his
hand, rises.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

App. Listen, but speak not to't.

All. Be lion-mettled, proud ; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.

Macb. That will never be :
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? Sweet bodements ! good !
Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing : Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom ?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied : deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you !—
[Thunder.—The Cauldron sinks.

Let me know,
Why sinks that cauldron ?
And what noise is this ?

[A deep groan.

1st Witch. Show !

2d Witch. Show !

3d Witch. Show !

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
Come like shadows, so depart.

[Apparitions of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his
hand ; and Banquo passes across from R. U. E. to

L. U. E.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo ; down !
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls ;—and thy hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first :—
A third is like the former :—Filthy hags,
Why do ye show me this ?—A fourth ? Start, eyes !—
What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?
Another yet ?—A seventh ?—I'll see no more :—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more :

Enter BANQUO.—The Witches vanish, &c.

Horrible sight !—Now, I see, 'tis true ;
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What ! is this so ?
Where are they ? Gone ? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accurséd in the calendar !—
Come in, without, there !

Enter SEYTON, L.

Sey. What's your grace's will ?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Sey. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Sey. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damned all those that trust them !—I did hear
The galloping of horses : Who was't came by ?

Sey. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England ?

Sey. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits :
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it : From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done ;
The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line. No boasting like a fool :
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool.—
Where are these gentlemen ?

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE II.—*The Country—in England.**Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF, R.*

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom; Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike Heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllables of dolour.

Mal. What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;
He hath not touched you yet.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee!
Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke!
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds; I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;

And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful;
But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness.
Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh, Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak,

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live!—Oh, nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee
Often upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banished me from Scotland.—Oh, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul

Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth,
By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: But Heaven above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature.

What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.—See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Enter Rosse, L.

Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good Heaven, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not marked: where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked, for whom; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. Well, too.

Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their peace ?

Rosse. No ; they were all at peace when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech ; how goes it ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither : gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words,
That would be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they ?
The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast ?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me ; quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue forever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph ! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surprised ; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughtered : to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heaven !—

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife killed, too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—Oh, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—[*Kneels.*] But, gentle
Heaven,

Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him, too! [*Exeunt, R.*]

A C T V .

SCENE I.—*Lady Macbeth's Room in the Castle at Dunsinane.*

Enter GENTLEWOMAN and PHYSICIAN, L.

Phy. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Phy. What at any time have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Phy. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.—Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close. *[They retire, L.]*

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a Taper, R.

Phy. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Phy. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Phy. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Phy. Hark! she speaks.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two; Why, then, 'tis time to do't!—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Phy. Do you mark that ?

Lady M. The Thane of Fife had a wife ; where is she now ?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean !—No more o' that, my lord ; no more o' that : you mar all with this starting.

Phy. Go to, go to ; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that ; Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still : all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh ! oh ! oh !

Phy. What a sigh is there ! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown ; look not so pale :—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried : he cannot come out of his grave.

Phy. Even so.

Lady M. To bed, to bed : there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand : what's done, cannot be undone : To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit, R.*

Phy. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly.

Phy. More needs she the divine than the physician.—Look after her ;

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And still keep eyes upon her.—

Good Heaven, forgive us all !

[*Exeunt, Physician, L., Gentlewoman, R.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle at Dunsinane.—Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*

Enter MACBETH and six GENTLEMEN, L.

Macb. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm ?
Was not he born of woman ? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounced me thus :

"Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on thee."—Then fly, false Thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter SECOND OFFICER, R.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

2d Off. There are ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

2d Off. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy! What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

2d Off. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.— [*Exit Officer, R.*]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that, which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON, R.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.—

Enter PHYSICIAN, L.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.— [*Exit Seyton, R.*]
How does your patient, doctor?

Phy. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Phy. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Enter SEYTON, R., with the King's Truncheon, and a GENTLEMAN with his Armour.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.
Give me my staff:
Seyton, send out:—Doctor, the Thanes fly from me:—
If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of
them?

Phy. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*Birnam Forest.—A March.*

*Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE, and
SOLDIERS, L. U. E.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Macd. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Len. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,

And bear't before him ; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Len. It shall be done.

Rosse. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Macd. 'Tis his main hope :

For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt :
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Siw. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Macd. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate ;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate :
Towards which, advance the war.

[*March.—Exeunt into the Wood, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Ramparts of the Castle at Dunsinane.—
Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and ATTENDANTS, L.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls :
The cry is still " They come : "—Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie,
'Till famine, and the ague, eat them up :
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

[*A cry within of women, L.*]

What is that noise ?

Sey. It is the cry of women, good my lord.

[*Exit Seyton, L.*]

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears ;
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir

As life were in't : I have supped full with horrors
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry ?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter ;

There would have been a time for such a word.—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

To the last syllable of recorded time ;

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !

Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

And then is heard no more ; it is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing—

Enter FIRST OFFICER, R.

Thou comest to use thy tongue : thy story quickly

1st Offi. Gracious my lord,

I should report that which, I say, I saw,

But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

1st Offi. [*Kneeling.*] As I did stand my watch upon the
hill,

I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,

The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave !

1st Offi. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :

Within this three mile may you see it coming ;

I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,

Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,

Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth,

I care not if thou dost for me as much :—

I pull in resolution ; and begin,

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,

That lies like truth :—" Fear not, 'till Birnam wood

Do come to Dunsinane :"—and now a wood

Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
 If this, which he avouches, does appear,
 There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
 And wish the state o'the world were now undone.—
 Ring the alarum bell :—Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
 At least we'll die with harness on our back !

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE V.—*A Plain before the Castle at Dunsinane.—*
Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, LENOX, and SOLDIERS, with
Boughs, discovered.

Mal. Now near enough ; your leafy screens throw
 down,
 And show like those you are :—You, worthy uncle,
 Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
 Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff, and we,
 Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
 According to our order.

Len. This way, my lords, the castle's gently rendered.

Siv. Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
 Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak : give them all
 breath,
 Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
 [*Alarums—Exeunt several ways.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Court in the Castle of Dunsinane.—Alarums.*

Enter MACBETH, from the gates.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot fly,
 But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,
 That was not born of woman ? Such a one
 Am I to fear, or none. [*Alarums.—Exit, L.*]

Enter MACDUFF, R.

Macd. That way the noise is :—Tyrant, show thy face !
 If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
 My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
 I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms

Are hired to bear their staves ; either thou, Macbeth.
 Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,
 I sheathe again, undeeded.
 Let me find him, fortune !
 And more I beg not.

[*Alarums.—Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of the Castle at Dunsinane.*

Enter MACBETH through the gates.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
 On mine own sword ? whiles I see lives, the gashes
 Do better upon them. [*Going to R.*]

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee :
 But get thee back, my soul is too much charged
 With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words ;
 My voice is in my sword : thou bloodier villain
 Than terms can give thee out. [*Fight.—Alarums.*]

Macb. Thou lovest labour :
 As easy may'st thou the intrenchant* air
 With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
 To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm ;
 And let the angel, whom thou still hast served,
 Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
 Untimely ripped.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
 For it hath cowed my better part of man !
 And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
 That palter with us in a double sense ;
 That keep the word of promise to our ear,
 And break it to our hope—I'll not fight with thee.
[*Retires towards the Castle gates.*]

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
 And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
 We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
 Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
 Here you may see the tyrant."

* Not to be cut, indivisible.

Macb. I will not yield,
 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse!
 Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
 And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
 Yet I will try the last;—
 Lay on, Macduff;
 And damned be him that first cries, "Hold! enough."
[Alarums.—They fight.—Macbeth falls and dies.—
Flourish of drums and trumpets.—Shouting within.]

Enter MALCOLM, ROSSE, LENOX, SIWARD, GENTLEMEN,
and SOLDIERS.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: the time is free:
 I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
 That speak my salutation in their minds;
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
 Hail, King of Scotland!

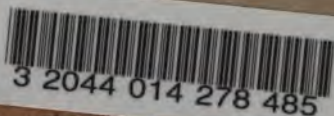
All. King of Scotland, hail!

[Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
 Before we reckon with your several loves,
 And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
 Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
 In such an honour named. What's more to do,
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
 We will perform in measure, time, and place:
 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

[Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt.]

THE END.



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